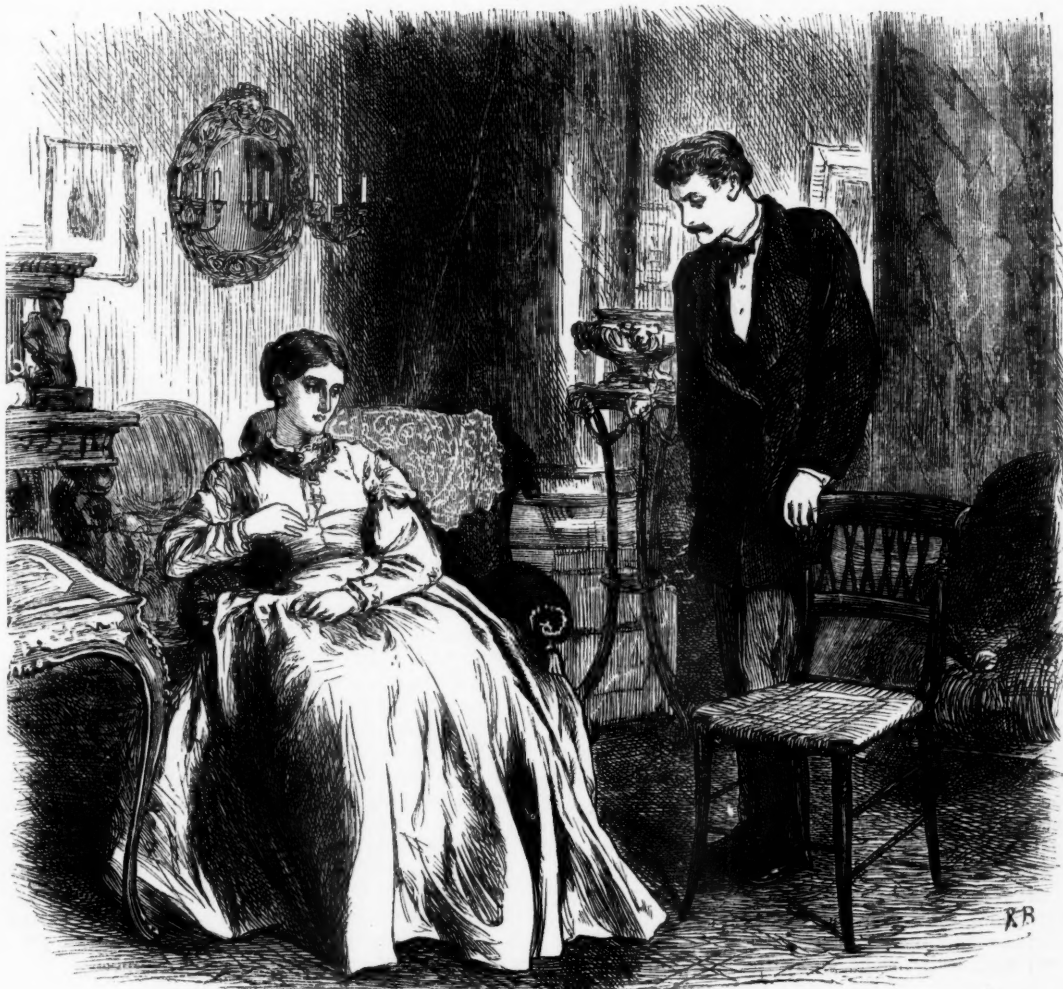


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



NOT A WELCOME VISITOR.

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER III.—RICHARD WOLFERSTON TAKES OFFENCE.

A WEEK had gone by, and the subject of Richard Wolferston's visits at Rookstone had not been mentioned between the husband and wife. It was such a very rare circumstance for Amy to differ from her husband, that she felt it must be a long time before she could get courage to renew the discussion.

She was sitting by herself, her husband was out riding with his daughters, and Richard Wolferston

was announced. He thought her manner more formal than ever, and it irritated him. Buffeting with the world may brace a man's energies, but it seldom sweetens his temper, and Richard Wolferston had had a hard struggle to gratify his extravagant tastes ever since boyhood. He asked for the girls, and her cold, almost indifferent answer stung him beyond endurance. His pale face flushed. "I am afraid, Mrs. Wolferston, I have been so unfortunate as to offend you, or that I am no longer welcome at Rookstone."

He laid a stress on the name, to remind her of his claim of kindred.

She flushed too, but she did not answer at once. It seemed to her that as he had given her this opening, it might be well to speak frankly to him about Mary. The impulse was strong, and she yielded to it.

"You have not offended me, but you are right in thinking that I do not welcome you to Rookstone."

"I scarcely understand such a nice distinction."

"Shall I be quite frank with you, then; and if I offend you, will you believe that I do so without intention?"

He bowed, but he looked cynical. If Amy Wolferston had known how little belief he had in her sincerity at that moment, she would not have been so confiding.

"It seems to me"—she stopped, and then went on hurriedly, plunging into what was so difficult to approach by degrees—"that you admire our youngest daughter."

She looked at him; every trace of colour had left his face, but he made no attempt to answer her.

"She—she is very young, perhaps you do not know how young—she is not quite seventeen—in mind she is quite a child still"—she remembered Mary's blush, and she faltered—"I should be very sorry to have her otherwise for a year or two longer."

Still no answer, only his head rather more erect, and his lips tightly closed.

"Now you understand why—why—I may enjoy your society very much, and yet be unwilling to expose her to the risk of seeing you so constantly while you feel as you do towards her. You have not contradicted me, therefore I venture to think I have guessed rightly. Girls of Mary's age are not as quickly won as when their feelings are more fully developed, but constant association would be painful and unsafe for both of you, and I really wish to save you pain, too, Mr. Wolferston."

"Thank you." He bowed deeply as he rose. "I give you credit for the best possible intentions"—his lip curled with scorn at what he considered her mercenary views—"and you are quite right, doubtless, in thinking Mary far too beautiful to throw away on a poor, struggling lawyer. You have taught me my place, Mrs. Wolferston, and I thank you for the lesson. Poor relations, you know, are apt to forget themselves. I had meant to ask your husband's permission to—to admire Mary, as you say; now I will refrain."

His tone was so bitter that she saw he was deeply wounded. Before she had made up her mind how to answer him, he spoke again in his usual voice.

"I will wait in the study till Christopher comes in, I have something to do to the papers I have brought." He left the room.

Mrs. Wolferston felt very dissatisfied. It would have been better to tell Richard the true cause of her objection to him. She had let him go away under a false impression, but he was so very angry that explanation would probably have been useless.

She thought for some time longer, and then decided to consult her husband, and ask his permission to write frankly and fully to Richard Wolferston. She feared that Christopher would disapprove her having broached the subject at all. She could give herself no reason for having spoken

—it had been an irresistible impulse, and it had only made matters worse. It might keep Richard away from Rookstone, but it was very painful to feel that she had made an enemy of her husband's most intimate friend.

She must see Christopher before he met Richard. He would be sure to come in through the saloon, and she could tell him in a few words all that had happened.

If she could have known the mischief her words were working she would at once have followed Richard Wolferston into the study, and have braved his anger.

CHAPTER IV.—FORESHADOWINGS.

THE door opened, and Mrs. Wolferston started up, but it was only Newman the butler.

"If you please, ma'am, old Kitty from the lodge has slipped down just now, coming into the court, and Mrs. Knight's afraid she's sprained her ankle."

"Where is she?"

"In the housekeeper's room, ma'am. Mrs. Knight thought you might quiet her, perhaps, for the poor old creature will have it her leg's broken. She seems in awful pain."

"Poor thing!" and Kitty Robbins's sufferings put to flight all Mrs. Wolferston's anxieties. She was soon kneeling beside the old woman, and examining the injury.

"Now dwoant'ee, dwoant'ee touch I." Kitty pushed away the soft white hand with her brown, hard-working fingers. "For pity's sake, dwoant, Madam Wolferston; ee may be as soft as feathers, but feathers 'ud rasp, I know. Oh, dear! oh, dear! The ways o' Providence goes crook'd at times, I be a thinkin'. There'll be that gipsy hussy at the toll-house, as never does naught for her livin', with both her legs safe and sound, and no use for 'em; and here be I, with use enow for six, clean robbed o' the best o' 'em. Ah! it be no use talking. I know—I hanna lived sixty years to be told and taught about my own bones and joints, Mrs. Knight."

This was in answer to the housekeeper's assurance that her bones were uninjured.

Mrs. Wolferston asked if the doctor had been sent for, and finding this had not been thought necessary, she gave orders that a messenger should at once be dispatched, for she saw that no meaner decision would have weight with Kitty.

"Tellin' I as it beant broke"—the old woman's indignation got loose as soon as the housekeeper had gone with her mistress's message—"when it yachs all the way up to the knee-jint. Weary me! there be folks as knows th' extent o' other people's pains a deal better than th' extent o' thay appetites."

Mrs. Wolferston petted and soothed the poor old woman, and bid the housekeeper summon her again when the doctor came.

As Mrs. Wolferston crossed the hall on her way back to the saloon, she met Janet.

"Where is your father?"

"Richard's here, and papa is in the study with him."

Then she had lost her chance of speaking to her husband, and, having lost it, it would perhaps be better not to mention what had happened till after his cousin went away, for she guessed that she should scarcely see the squire for a minute before the dinner-bell rang. The little interview with old

Kitty had calmed her. She began to think that Richard Wolferston would see he had been unjust and hasty.

His manner at dinner-time puzzled her. There was an uneasy restlessness she had never before noticed in him. In answer to his cousin's invitation, he said he could not sleep at Rookstone, he had an early appointment in London.

"But you will get home in the middle of the night."

"Not quite so bad," he said, with a forced laugh. "A train leaves Purley station at ten; I shall be safe in chambers by half-past one o'clock. But, I say, Christopher, we had better finish off that business to-night."

The two gentlemen spent the rest of the evening in the study. The bell was rung more than once.

Mrs. Wolferston and her daughters were sitting in the library, a cosy room, walled, except on the window side, with oak bookcases. The very door was concealed by sham books, so that when it was closed a stranger might have looked vainly for means of egress.

Mrs. Wolferston was busy with needlework, Janet was reading, and Mary, having idled away the first part of the evening in play with her favourite dog Loulou, discovered that she had left her embroidery in the saloon.

She came back with it, laughing.

"What can papa and Richard have to say to those two men? I saw John, the new groom, and that young gardener, Kitty's nephew, going in to the study."

"Mary, how curious you are," said Janet, indignantly.

"People are sometimes wanted to write their names as witnesses, dear; and those are chosen who are the least interested in the papers they have to sign."

Ten o'clock struck, but the gentlemen did not come into the library.

"I suppose they will finish the evening there," Mary said, in a vexed tone.

Mrs. Wolferston rang the bell.

"If you please, ma'am, master said I was to tell you he had driven Mr. Richard over to the station, and he hoped you would not stay up for him," said the butler.

Mrs. Wolferston sent the girls off to bed. She went up-stairs herself, but she could not stay there, she felt too restless.

The evening had been oppressive, and the saloon windows were still unclosed. She passed through the centre one on to the terrace. There was no moon, not even a star; the sky was almost awful in its vast darkness.

Just then the stable clock rang out eleven in a shrill, clanging tone, as if it was telling the household it ought to be in bed.

"I wonder what keeps Christopher," she thought; "it is only half an hour's drive from the station."

Still she paced up and down. A nightingale, far off in the woods, began to trill out his marvellous gurgle of sweet sounds, but they did not soothe her. Her hearing was so intently strained to catch the first sound of returning wheels, that even the nightingale's song came as an unwelcome distraction.

She had left the saloon in darkness, now she saw a light moving in it.

It was only Newman come to close the windows.

"You can leave the centre one open," said his mistress; "I can close that. I shall stay here till your master returns. Is he not very late?"

"Yes, ma'am, only this being the first of the month, we haven't got the new train-book yet, and Mr. Richard's train may go later now; and master would wait to see him off, ma'am."

This was said to soothe his mistress; the man was himself growing anxious at the delay.

Speaking out one's fears often relieves them, and when Amy Wolferston stepped on the terrace again her heart felt less heavy.

How kind, and good, and unselfish her husband was. She believed that he had been at the trouble of driving his cousin over to Purley to please her. He would not press him to stay because she had asked him not to encourage Richard at Rookstone, and yet he would dismiss him so courteously that Richard could not take offence. Why should not his words come true—why should not his cousin be brought to a better, less worldly life, if Christopher bent his mind to the task of influencing him?

"Then I could give him Mary joyfully," she said; "but I cannot believe it would be right to expose the child to Richard Wolferston's influence in order that she might benefit him. It would be doing evil that good might come."

Again a light in the saloon. She had not heard the wheels, but it might be her husband. The wind was rising among the trees, and amid the creaking and swaying of their giant arms other sounds were scarcely heard.

Newman came out on the terrace to speak to her before she reached the window. She could not see the man's face, but his voice sounded strangely.

"It's half-past eleven now, ma'am. Should I go out along the Purley Road, and see if I can meet master?"

All the foreboding, all the nameless terror that had lately weighed on her, and which she had so bravely struggled with, thronged back suddenly as the man spoke.

"Yes, Newman. I wish we had gone sooner. You and John can go with me, and let some of the other men follow us with lights."

Before the butler had got back into the hall with a lantern, his mistress stood there, wrapped in a large cloak, the hood drawn over her head.

"You won't go yourself, ma'am," he said, respectfully. "You'll take cold, ma'am, and perhaps—"

"Open the door," she said, in a more decided voice than he had ever heard from her. "You had better lead the way with your lantern, Newman, it is so dark."

It was as dark as it could be—that impenetrable, immeasurable inkiness that makes one fearful where each footstep may lead. At another time Amy Wolferston would scarcely have dared to walk unguided in such blind fashion; but now she hurried on, helped by the glimmer of the butler's lantern, a faint help against the dense gloom.

"You have told the men to bring lights, have you not?" she said; "we can see nothing distinctly by this lantern."

"Yes, ma'am, there are some torches at the keeper's cottage, and I told them to wake up Jem Robbins, and bring him along."

They had left the park behind them, and were in the high road leading to Purley.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, as her arm struck

against something hard which seemed to be in the middle of the road.

Newman raised the lantern.

"It's the toll-gate," said the other man who accompanied them. "Molly must know if the master's passed through yet. Halloa, Molly! Molly, wake up, I say."

They knocked long and vigorously before any signs of stirring were heard in the toll-house. At last an upper window was unclosed.

"What d'ye mean by such a caddle at this time o' night?"

"It's me, Molly—Mrs. Wolferston. Has the master gone through the toll to-night?"

"Then be off wi' ye, ye're an impudent baggage; ye'll not be tellin' o' I that a real lady born, like madam at the park yonder, 'ud be coming out in the high road 'twixt night and morning, rousing honest folk from their lawful rest."

"Let me speak to her, ma'am," said Newman; "she's only half awake, and doesn't know what she's about. Look here, Molly, my girl, and look sharp, too. You remember the master driving by here in his new dog-cart this evening, rather before ten, don't you, now?"

"And what then? The master have a right to go where he choose without folks a spyin' after he and his ways. It's like I should see whether a dog-cart's old or new, and the night so dark I can't see my own hand. It were the master, though, for he said, 'Good night, Molly.'"

"We're losing time," Mrs. Wolferston said, in an imploring, eager tone to Newman; "she can tell us nothing."

"And you're sure he hasn't been back?"

"I shouldn't talk of his going if he'd come back too, should I, ye dunderhead?"

"Well, then, lend us your lantern, quick, like a good lass, for we're afraid something's gone wrong."

It was terrible to Amy to hear her own sickening fear put into words as a certainty. She could not stand still while the sleepy, unwilling woman groped about for her lantern. She hurried on alone in the darkness, and feeling for the little swing gate, passed through it before Newman and John were ready to follow her.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

THE first great national event of which I have any distinct recollection was the aquatic procession of Admiral Lord Nelson's remains on January 7, 1806, when they were brought up the Thames. In one of the large rooms of the Admiralty they lay in state, January 8; and next day took place the solemn procession, with a military force of nearly 8,000 men, from the Admiralty to St. Paul's Cathedral. As I was then *less than four years and a half old*, my recollection of the above event—circumstantial even to my being held up to witness it from a back window of a house at the south foot of London Bridge—was received as a myth in after years by those who had a stronger memory than mine; until, one day in the year 1831, an aged nurse inquired for her "favourite

boy," and, on my approaching her, said, "Ah! how altered you are since I held you up to see Lord Nelson's Funeral,"—a corroboration which set at rest all doubt as to the accuracy of my reminiscence. Of course, it is not so circumstantial as the account in Miss Berry's Journal, which follows:—"On the water, it was a crowd of boats, in which the immense City barges only were conspicuous. It is much easier to set down upon paper the regulations of a ceremony, such as that the boats of the river fencibles are to line each side of the procession, etc., than to give the effect of a procession so lined on the water in the foggy atmosphere of the Thames," etc.

This year (1806) died the statesmen, William Pitt and Charles James Fox. Pitt expired at his villa, near Putney, on January 25; the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which he first took his seat in parliament. He was in his forty-seventh year, and had been nineteen years First Lord of the Treasury. In his neighbourhood he was much respected, and was a kind master to his domestics. A person who, a little before the great statesman's death, was in the room, stated that it was heated to a very high and oppressive temperature; and the deep voice of the dying minister, as he asked his valet a question, startled a visitor who had been unused to it. There was long a doubt as to the last words of Mr. Pitt. Earl Stanhope, in his life of the great minister (1862), gave them from a manuscript left by his lordship's uncle, the Hon. James H. Stanhope, as, "Oh, my country! how I love my country!" But, upon re-examination of the manuscript, a somewhat obscure one, no doubt was left in Lord Stanhope's mind, that the word "love" was a mistake for "leave." The expression, as in this manner finally authenticated, is in perfect and most sad conformity with the disastrous state of the continental war produced by the battle of Austerlitz, when Mr. Pitt was approaching his end. "We may roll up that map now," he said, pointing to a map of Europe on the wall of the Foreign Office, when the news came of Bonaparte's great victory.

In the "Edinburgh Review," July, 1851, it is stated that "the hand which had so long sustained the sceptre of this country found no hand to clasp it in death. By friends and by servants he was alike deserted; and a stranger, wandering on from room to room of a deserted house, came at last by chance to a chamber—untended, but not unquiet—in which the great minister lay alone, and dead." Yet the Hon. Mr. Stanhope was present in the room when Mr. Pitt died: he gave his watch to his servant, and it is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Mr. Pitt's establishment was very costly, if not wasteful: the consumption of meat, or at least the butcher's bill, being weekly nine hundred-weight!

Fox, who died this year at Chiswick House, is described by Lord Ossory as "full of good nature, good temper, and facility of disposition, disinterestedness with regard to himself, at the same time that his mind was fraught with the most noble sentiments upon all possible subjects. His understanding had the greatest scope we can form an idea of; his memory, the most wonderful; his judgment, the most true; his reasoning, the most profound and acute; his eloquence, the most rapid and persuasive." Yet he was from infancy a spoiled child, and would spend whole nights and days in gambling, and wasting his fine frame in the orgies of Bacchus; to escape from which he would flee away to the delight-

ful scenery and refreshing air of St. Anne's Hill, and there betake himself to gardening, in a blue apron, or dining with the Prince of Wales off beans and bacon; or devote himself to the learned leisure of his study, in the bosom of domestic ease and soothing friendship.

I have here mentioned the earliest event of which I have distinct recollection, and the men whose names were then in every one's mouth; supplementing the narrative, and correcting the past by the light of the present. With the same design, let me now take a retrospective glance at the localities of the Metropolis with which I first became familiar, and the few traces which remain in the present day.

First, Finsbury, or Fensbury, named from its fenny ground, has been drained and built over, and become a populous parliamentary borough, including the ancient Moorfields. Aggas's Plan, of 1560, shows Finsbury as a rural suburb, with "Finsburie Fyeld," and its four windmills; its archers; drying-grounds, with women spreading clothes on the grass; the "dogge-house," etc. "Moor-gate" opens to the moor or fen. "Fore-street appears before the city wall." The "City Road" is a footpath, near the junction of which with "Old Street," another footpath, stands "Finsbury Court." "Tenter Street" still attests the presence of the "tenters," whose frames, in Aggas's plan, are sketched on the site which is now so named. "Tassel Close" indicates the place where *teazles* were grown for dressing woollen cloth. Ropemaker and Skinner Streets indicate old suburban manufactures. Cherry Terrace, Crabtree Row, Willow Walk, and Wilderness, Windmill, Lamb, Pear, Rose, Primrose, Acorn, Ivy, Elder, Blossom, Orchard, and Beech Streets, all in the neighbourhood, suggest odours and appropriations that have long since disappeared.

I have referred to the Archery of Finsbury, where Pepys, when a boy, used to shoot with his bow and arrows. Even so late as 1786, the Artillery Company, with their pioneers, marched over Finsbury, and pulled down fences illegally erected in the archery fields; but sometimes sparing a building by directing one of their archers to shoot an arrow over it, in token of their prescriptive right. A troop of old Finsbury archers met in Bloomsbury Fields, behind the present site of Gower Street; next, on target-days, they moved to Highbury Barn; thence to Bayswater; and, in 1834, to the inner circle of Regent's Park, where, in their rustic lodge, they preserve the original silver badge of their Society. Miss Banks, Sir Joseph's daughter, an enthusiastic lover of the bow, has left a ms. note that a friend, Mr. Bates, often shot eighteen score in Finsbury Fields; the length of the plain being about one mile, and the breadth three-quarters. The neighbourhood, to our day, had its archery shops, Robin Hood signboard, bird-fanciers' stalls, and artists in preserving birds and other animals; and to this day, beneath the wall of the Vinegar Works in the City Road, dealers in cage-birds and flowers, and old bookstalls, carry us back to old times. The City Road, opened in 1761, was named by its projector, who modestly declined to have it called after his own name. It was originally planned so as to have front gardens to the houses, and thus form a wide and healthy street; but this design has been ruthlessly encroached on. Of the old tea-gardens there remains one—the "Green Gate." The "Angel Inn," Islington, was rebuilt in

1819; we remember the former inn, a good specimen of the galleried *hosteltrie*, of which a drawing is preserved. The City Road, before the house-rows were completed, was a favourite summer walk of the citizens, who then enjoyed the fresh air, now comparatively shut out by the avenue of bricks and mortar. At the end of the road, opposite Bunhill Fields, are John Wesley's chapel and grave. The foundation-stone was laid in 1777, by John Wesley, when so great was the multitude assembled to see the ceremony that Wesley could not, without much difficulty, get through the press to lay the stone with an inscription-plate of brass. "Probably," says he, "this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." (Southey's "Life of Wesley.")

Moorfields and Bishopsgate were the most ancient localities familiar to our childhood. The former was the great fen or *moor* on the north of the City wall. When it was frozen, the young Londoners, by placing the leg-bones of animals under their feet, and tying them sandal-wise round their ankles, by aid of an iron pole pushed themselves with great velocity along the ice: one of these *bone skates* of the twelfth century was dug up in Moorfields in our time, on the very spot where it was anciently used. It is preserved in the British Museum, in the collection of antiquities formed by Mr. Roach Smith, who was a chemist and druggist in Liverpool Street; his collection the Corporation of London refused to purchase, though it was mostly gathered on their own ground. In the reign of Edward II, Moorfields was let for four marks a year; and clay was found and bricks were made and burnt here in the reign of Edward IV for repairing the City wall. Facing it was a black ditch: hence "the melancholy of Moor-ditch." The Moor was drained in 1597, and laid out in walks and planted in 1606. In old maps we see the fields covered with linen; and an old ballad, in a tract, commemorates "the two ladies of Finsbury that gave Moorfields to the City, for the maidens of London to dry clothes in:"

"Now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield."

The laying out and planting of the fields are minutely described in this tract. In the reign of Henry VII the gardens of Finsbury were levelled by law, "and of them was made a plain for archers to shoot in," this being the origin of what is now called "the Artillery Ground." Evelyn tells that at the Great Fire the houseless people took refuge about Moorfields, under tents and miserable huts and hovels; and Pepys found Moorfields "full of poor wretches carrying their goods there."

The first Bethlehem Hospital was established in a Priory in 1246, by Sheriff Simon Fitz-Mary, towards which he gave all his land in St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate being the spot afterwards known as Old Bethlehem, now Liverpool Street. This Priory stood on the east side of Moorfields, from which it was divided by a deep ditch. It is described as an hospital in 1330; in 1346 it was received under the protection of the City, who purchased the patronage, lands, and tenements in 1546. When Henry VIII gave the hospital to the City (though aot before he had endeavoured to sell it to them), the Priory buildings becoming dilapidated, the governors erected a new edifice on the south side of Moorfields adjoining the City wall, on ground leased by the Corpora-

tion for 999 years, at 1s. annual rent, if demanded. This was the centre of the second Bethlem, and was designed by Robert Hooke; but there is no foundation for the traditional story of it so closely resembling the palace of the Tuileries, that Louis XIV in retaliation ordered a copy of our royal palace of St. James's to be built for his offices. To this centre were added two wings. It was enclosed by a high wall and gates; the piers of the latter being surmounted by Cibber's celebrated figures of "Raving and Melancholy Madness." Pope styled them, in his "Dunciad," "the brainless, brazen brothers." One of them is stated to have been copied from Oliver Cromwell's gigantic Porter, who became insane, and was confined in the hospital; the figures are not of brass, but of stone painted. In Pope's time old Bedlam was one of the sights of London for the idle, the gay, and the morbidly curious, who paid a penny each for admission, and from this source a sum of £400 per annum was derived. Pepys has this entry in his "Diary": "Stept into Bedlam, where I saw several poor miserable creatures in chains, one of them mad with writing verses." This Moorfields hospital has disappeared in our time, with the long line of furniture-dealers' shops from the north side. Gay refers to it:

"Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw."

The favourite resort of the hospital patients was the Fore Street end of the building, from the windows of which I have watched them gaping out upon the unafflicted passengers in the streets and "fields" below. The hospital establishment was removed to the new edifice in St. George's Fields, and the old hospital was finally demolished about the year 1818, together with a long extent of the old City wall, against which it had been erected; the site of both hospitals being now occupied by a portion of the street, London Wall. The present hospital in Lambeth occupies the site of the "Dog and Duck" tavern and tea-gardens, the favourite resort of Hannah More's *Cheapside Apprentice*; and in the front wall of the hospital grounds is preserved the original sign-stone of the tavern—a dog, with a duck thrown across its back.

Moorfields was till Pennant's time (1790) the haunt of low gamblers, the great gymnasium of our capital, the resort of wrestlers, boxers, and football players. Here mountebanks erected their stages, and dispensed quack medicines to the gaping gulls. But the pious Whitefield here preached so winningly as to gain hosts of admirers. The lower part of the Fields was paled into four squares, each planted with elm-trees round a grass-plot, and intersected by broad gravel walks; a favourite evening promenade, called the "City Mall," where the beaux of Moorfields Mall wore their hats diagonally over the left or right eye. The site of the Fields is now covered by Finsbury Square and Circus, the London Institution, and other public buildings; the name survives in "Little Moorfields," and it has been revived in Moorgate Street.

In Bishopsgate Street, well do I remember, next the Church of St. Botolph, the old "White Hart Inn," which bore the date 1480 (20 Edward IV) on the front, but is not thought to have been the original building, probably the hostelry or inn belonging to the Old Priory of Bethlem, for the entertainment of

strangers. This inn was triple bayed, and had a massive overhanging attic story. It was taken down in 1829, and rebuilt in modern style. A more picturesque relic in this street is No. 169, formerly the house of Sir Paul Pindar, the wealthy English merchant, contemporary with Sir Thomas Gresham, and who was distinguished for his love of architecture and the munificent sums he gave towards the restoration of old St. Paul's. The house is now a public-house, called "Sir Paul Pindar's Head." It was built towards the end of the 16th century, with a wood-framed front and caryatid brackets, the principal windows bayed, and their lower fronts enriched with panels of carved work. Some of the ceilings are flat, in plaster of the Cinque-Cento period, one of which bears the arms of Sir Paul Pindar, who was a celebrated person, early distinguished by that frequent ladder of promotion, the knowledge of languages. He was placed apprentice with an Italian master, travelled much, and was appointed ambassador to the Grand Seigneur by James I, in which office he greatly extended English commerce in the Turkish dominions. He brought over with him a diamond valued at £30,000; the king wished to buy it on credit; the sensible merchant declined, but favoured his majesty with the loan of the gem on gala days; but his unfortunate son, Charles I, became the purchaser. Sir Paul was appointed farmer of the Customs by King James, and frequently supplied that monarch's wants, as well as those of his predecessor. He was esteemed worth £236,000, exclusive of bad debts, in the year 1639. His charities were very great; he contributed £19,000 towards the repair of old St. Paul's. But he was ruined by his connection with Charles, and is said to have been imprisoned for debt. The king owed him and the rest of the old commissioners of the Customs £300,000. He also furnished the Crown with jewels, "to his infinite loss and prejudice;" and assisted Charles with gold when at Oxford in 1643 and 1644, "for transportation of the Queen and her children."

Among the services rendered to his country by Sir Paul was the support which he gave to the manufacture of alum, which was introduced from the papal dominions into Yorkshire by one of his Italian friends, about the year 1608. The first works were set up at the expense of the Crown, which retained the monopoly of this trade until it was finally abolished by the parliament in 1643; previously to which Sir Paul had farmed the manufacture during twenty-eight years, at an annual rental of £12,000. He derived great sums from this monopoly, although his grant obliged him to supply all parts of England with alum at £20 per ton, which was only one-third of the price that had been formerly charged on its importation from Italy.

In the year 1639, the estate of Sir Paul Pindar, "as cast up" by his own cashiers, and consisting of "ready money, allum, and good debts upon tallies and obligations from noblemen and others at Court," was computed at the enormous sum of £215,000; yet from the distractions of the times, the subsequent civil war, and the bad faith of many whom he had trusted, his losses were so great, and his affairs became so perplexed, that his executor, William Toomes (who had long been his accountant and assistant), found his expectations entirely frustrated. He died August 22, 1650, aged eighty-four. He left his affairs in such a confused state,

that his executor, unable to bear the disappointment, destroyed himself; "and," says Pennant, "most deservedly underwent the ignominy of the now almost obsolete verdict of *felo-de-se*."

Sir Paul was a liberal parishioner, as the church books prove; for among his gifts we read of a pie for one of the parish dinners. Again, "given Sir Paul's cook, who brought the pastie, 2s. 6d.; paid (which was spent at the Dolphin), when Sir Paul gave the venison, for flowre, butter, pepper, eggs, making and baking, as by bill, 19s. 7d." He often furnished "the parish venison," yet after all was made to pay for a licence for "eating flesh for three years past, £2."

Sir Paul was buried in the adjoining church of St. Botolph, where, in the chancel, is a monument to his memory, on which he is described as "faithful in negociations, foreign and domestick, eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence." He was interred with honours, which attracted a great crowd of persons, who, in their curiosity to have a last look at the enclosure of his ashes, broke windows, the mending of which cost, by bill, 16s. 2d. "His leaden coffin," says Malcolm, "may at this time be seen by the curious, with a hole in it, through which the *very* curious may, possibly, touch a part of his decayed body." A portrait of Sir Paul was formerly suspended over the tavern door; but the house-front has been sadly mutilated. In the rear of the premises, in Half-moon Alley, was formerly an old structure, decorated with figures in Italian taste; it is traditionally said to have been the keeper's lodge, in the park attached to Sir Paul's residence; and mulberry-trees, and other old trees in this neighbourhood, are almost within memory.

"IN MY OWN TIME."

BY "THE JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER."

"In my own time" is a phrase often in the mouth of the working man. With him the words have a special and important meaning. When a working man speaks of his own time, he is not thinking of "the age we live in," and has no idea of indulging in "personal recollections," or reminiscences of "men he has known." By his own time he merely means the time which is his own as distinct from the time which belongs to his employer—the hours before, after, and between the hours of his daily labour. In his master's time his individuality is in a great measure sunk. He is only part of a machine-like whole, one of hundreds, or it may be thousands, moving with a mechanical regularity in given grooves. In his own time he is a man with individual and diversified tastes and modes of action. The life of his working hours is controlled by others; the life of his own time is what he chooses to make it, and on his choice in the matter depends in a great measure what manner of man he may be.

It has been by a wise use of their own time that the many working men who have risen have laid the foundation of their rise. It has been by frittering it away that other working men, who might have risen to comparatively high places, have always remained at the foot of the ladder. And it has been by a misuse of it that some working men have come to be degraded members of their brotherhood, drunkards and idlers.

To working men whose occupations involve a considerable degree of physical exertion, rest is of course one object of their own time; but none know better than they that—

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

And so they seek the rest that lies in variation of employment—employment entered upon *con amore*—rather than the rest of absolute inaction.

Jones, who is married and thoroughly domesticated, and is moreover "a handy man," will spend the greater portion of his own time "pottering about" at home, "putting things to rights." There is a table with a leg loose, a coffee-pot that leaks, a lamp that smokes, a drawer the handle of which comes out when you try to open it, or the clock has taken to strike at the half-hours. All these are matters for the domesticated and "handy" working man to attend to in his own time, and in addition to such current odd jobs he has generally a stock one on hand. That little writing-desk, with flowers and scroll-work wrought in a mosaic of various coloured woods; that mahogany book-case; the carved frame of the friendly society's emblem; and the still more elaborately carved watch-stand that figures as the centre ornament of the parlour mantelpiece, are all his work. So is the compact and ingenious combination of Dutch oven, toasting-fork, and plate-warmer which you see at his kitchen fireplace; and at present his stock job is that of making the framework of a stout kitchen sofa out of a heavy old wooden bedstead which "the missis" has discarded in favour of a light iron one.

Often times working men of this stamp will go further still in this direction. They will have a complete "kit" of tools, and add to their incomes by making articles for sale, articles cleverly designed and artistically finished. Such articles were to be seen by hundreds at the International Workmen's Exhibition held in the Agricultural Hall last year. The vast majority of the articles exhibited there as the work of individual workmen had been made by the exhibitors in their own time, and perhaps the most interesting incidental feature of that exhibition was the manner in which it demonstrated what working men had done, and were capable of doing, and might hope to do in their own time.

In addition to his work in household repairs or refurnishing, the domesticated working man will in his own time give an eye to other kinds of family matters. He will hear Johnny or Polly say their night lessons, or give them a little assistance where such lessons seem too hard for them. Or in case of Johnny or Polly (or both) having been guilty of some such high crime and misdemeanour as "mother" may consider should be specially brought under the notice of "father," he will adjudicate upon such cases. In those provincial towns in which gardens or patches of potato-ground are attached to workmen's cottages, domesticated Jones will at the proper seasons devote a considerable portion of his own time to the cultivation of his plot of land. Even in the large towns he is frequently given to window-sill flower gardening, and is often to be found as a successful exhibitor in prize competitions in that style of floriculture.

Brown, who works at the same bench as Jones, though a good husband and father, is not of the same domesticated type. He is of an ambitious

turn of mind, but he is sensible withal, and knows that it is only by perseverance and hard work that a man can reasonably expect to rise in the world. So having his mind's eye upon (say) a Whitworth scholarship, and being firmly resolved within himself to be a master some day, he devotes his own time to hard study. Where opportunity and means serve him he attends science classes in the evening; he "goes in" for mathematics, drawing, chemistry, and other practical arts and sciences, and pinches in other matters in order to be able to purchase books and instruments. He studies hard far into the night, and often, as I remember was the case with an old shopmate of my own, will be "at it again" even before going out to his work at six o'clock in the morning. In the instance I refer to I had gone "in my own time" to give my mate a hand to pack his furniture for removal to another house, and noticing some rude mechanical drawings on the wall by the bedside, asked how they had come there. Whereupon his wife, who was standing by, hotly broke in: "Ay! that's what he'll be at for an hour or two before he goes out of a morning, knocking himself up, and no one able to get a word out of him. Whatever good he can see in his hooks, and his crooks, and his figures, I'm sure I don't know." But she came to see the good of it later, when he was drawing a large salary as manager to an extensive firm, a position to which he could never have attained but for the manner in which he had stuck to "his hooks, and his crooks, and his figures."

Or Brown's ambition may take another direction—a political one. His desire may be to become a ruler among trade unionists, or in some other way a "people's leader." In that case, his own time will be occupied in reading newspapers, attending and often organising and taking part in public meetings, and perhaps letter writing in some "organ" specially devoted to the interests of the working classes. And in time he may come to figure more or less prominently before the public, in connection with this or that popular "movement."

Tompkins, who works with our other two "representative men," is musically inclined. He is a member of a working man's brass band, practises the cornet and violin in his own time, can read music at sight, is inclined to be technical and critical whenever things musical are in question, is occasionally known to try his hand at composition, and sometimes drifts into, and succeeds in, instrumental music as a profession. The Tompkins type is found most abundantly in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Black Country. In the two latter districts, workmen's brass bands and brass band contests are very numerous and popular, and some of these bands have produced performers of the first degree of excellence. In Lancashire it is vocal music—principally sacred—that is most in favour, and the scientific and appreciative knowledge of Handel and other classical composers possessed by many Lancashire mechanics and factory hands, would astonish most people. Working men can of course employ their own time in more profitable pursuits than music; but still, to the musically inclined, and musically self-educated, there is no pleasanter way of spending spare time; and, as a rule, the tendency of music is to elevate the minds of those for whom it has charms.

Smith again is very fond of reading, and passes the larger portion of his own time by "his ain fireside," book, newspaper, or magazine in hand. Like his

musical mates, his favourite pursuit tends rather to pleasure than to visible profit. And yet it is profitable, it leads to his being a more or less well-informed man, makes him more tolerant in his class views than he might otherwise have been; affords him a means of happiness which only reading men can understand, and often gives him a contentedness of mind such as even gratified ambition may fail to yield. He belongs to the great army of "constant" and "general" readers; and free libraries, literary institutions, and cheap literature afford him abundant means of gratifying his tastes. He reads and enjoys, and is conversant with the varied characteristics of the standard poets and novelists, and delights in Macaulay, Froude, and other picturesque historians. He skims through a mass of current literature, and in doing so amasses an extensive and useful, even if a somewhat superficial, fund of general information, and he finds a pleasing excitement in attempting to forecast the *dénouements* of to-be-continued stories. By comparison with his non-reading brethren, Smith appears quite a learned man, and in workshop circles is generally spoken of as a "scolard."

In the present day many working men are members of volunteer corps, and give a portion of their own time to drill; and during the summer months—and especially in the provinces—others spend a good deal of time in boating and cricketing. It is of course in their own time that working men pay their occasional visits to places of amusement, and exchange friendly visits at each other's homes. In their own time, too, some working men are given to taking their walks abroad. They "clean up" in the evening, and go out for an hour or two's leisurely "turn round," seeing what they may see, and indulging in what those given to this practice call a "shop-window fuddle." It is scarcely necessary to say how single young fellows who are looking out for a helpmate, and are "keeping company," spend a great proportion of their own time.

Only the better ways in which working men occupy their own time have here been dwelt upon. But there is another and less pleasant side to the subject; and to avoid any appearance of a wish to shirk it, we just mention that such is the case. There are working men who do worse than merely waste their own time; who spend it in drinking and other proceedings which bring misery upon their families, reproach upon their class, and utter and deserved degradation upon themselves. But while such men are but too numerous in the abstract, they happily form but a small section of the general body of the working classes.

What such working men as George Stephenson have achieved by the strict utilisation of their own time, has been placed upon record times innumerable, and need not be repeated here; and though it is not given to every man to be a Stephenson, the lesson of such lives as his should teach working men that there is no one among them who may not better himself and his position by making a good use of his own time.

It is of course only in a restricted sense that any time can be said to be our own; but it is not the object of this paper to deal with the highest view of the question. Still from each and every point of view it behoves all men to make such use of their own time as will enable them to—

"Give for every hour
Some good account at last."

A Day's Changes.



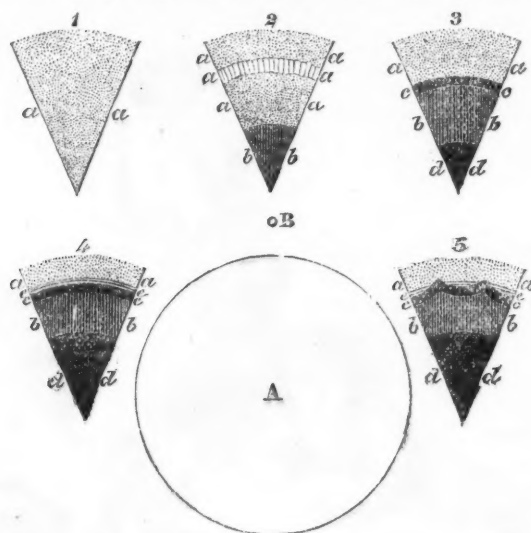
FAIR WEATHER.



CLOUDY AND OVERCAST.

SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AS THEY APPEAR IN 1871.

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Figs. 1 to 5. Ideal sections illustrating the Genesis of the Earth.

Fig. 1. A vaporous world.

Fig. 2. A world with a central fluid nucleus (b) and a photosphere (a).

Fig. 3. The photosphere darkened, and a solid crust (c) and solid nucleus (d) formed.

Fig. 4. Water (e) deposited in the crust, forming a universal ocean.

Fig. 5. The crust crumpled by shrinkage, land elevated, and the water occupying the intervening depressions.

The figures are all of uniform size; but the circle (A) shows the diameter of the globe when in the state of fig. 1, and that marked (B) its diameter when in the state of fig. 5. In all the figures (a) represents vapour or air; (b) liquid rock; (c) solid rock as a crust; (d) solid nucleus; (e) water.

I.—THE GENESIS OF THE EARTH.

THE title of these papers is intended to indicate precisely their nature. They will be rough, broad sketches of the aspects of successive stages in the earth's history, as disclosed by geology, and as they present themselves to observers in this present year of writing. The last qualification is absolutely necessary, when dealing with a science whose goal to-day will be its starting-point to-morrow, and in whose view every geological picture must have its light and shaded portions, its clear foreground and its dim distance, varying according to the lights cast on them by the progress of investigation, and according to the standpoint of the observer. In such pictures results only can be given, not the processes by which they have been obtained; and with all possible gradations of light and distance, it may be that the artist will bring into too distinct outline facts still only dimly perceived, or will give too little prominence to others which should appear in bold relief. He must in this judge for himself; and if the writer's impressions do not precisely correspond with those of others, he trusts that they will allow something for difference of vision and point of view.

The difficulty above referred to perhaps rises to its maximum in the present paper. For how can any one paint chaos, or give form and filling to the formless void? Perhaps no word-picture of this period of the first phase of mundane history can ever equal the two negative touches of the inspired penman—"without form and void"—a world destitute of all its present order, and destitute of all that gives it life and animation. This it was, and not a complete and finished earth, that sprang at first from

its Creator's hand; and we must inquire in this paper what information science gives as to any such condition of the earth.

In the first place, the geological history of the earth plainly intimates a beginning, by utterly negating the idea that "all things continue as they were from the creation of the world." It traces back to their origin not only the animals and plants which at present live, but also their predecessors, through successive dynasties emerging in long procession from the depths of a primitive antiquity. Not only so; it assigns to their relative ages all the rocks of the earth's crust, and all the plains and mountains built up of them. Thus, as we go back in geological time, we leave behind us, one by one, all the things with which we are familiar, and the inevitable conclusion gains on us that we must be approaching a beginning, though this may be veiled from us in clouds and thick darkness. How is it, then, that there are "Uniformitarians" in geology, and that it has been said that our science shows no traces of a beginning, no indications of an end? The question deserves consideration; but the answer is not difficult. In all the lapse of geological time there has been an absolute uniformity of natural law. The same grand machinery of force and matter has been in use throughout all the ages, working out the great plan. Yet the plan has been progressive and advancing, nevertheless. The uniformity has been in the methods, the results have presented a wondrous diversity and development. Again, geology, in its oldest periods, fails to reach the beginning of things. It shows us how course after course of the building

has been laid, and how it has grown to completeness, but it contains as yet no record of the laying of the foundation stones, still less of the quarry whence they were dug. Still the constant progress which we have seen points to a beginning which we have not seen; and the very uniformity of the process by which the edifice has been erected, points to a time when it had not been begun, and when its stones were still, as it were, reposing in their native quarry.

What, then, is the oldest condition of the earth actually shown to us by geology—that which prevailed in the Eozoic or Laurentian period, when the oldest rocks known, those constituting the foundation stones of our present continents, were formed and laid in their places? With regard to physical conditions, it was a time when our existing continents were yet in the bosom of the waters, when the ocean was almost universal, yet when sediments were being deposited in it as at present, while there were also volcanic foci, vomiting forth molten matter from the earth's hidden interior. Then, as now, the great physical agencies of water and fire were contending with one another for the mastery, doing and undoing, building up and breaking down. But is this all? Has the earth no earlier history? That it must have had, we may infer from many indications; but as to the nature of these earlier states we can learn from conjecture and influence merely, and must have recourse to other witnesses than those rocky monuments which are the sure guides of the geologist. One fact bearing on these questions which has long excited attention, is the observed increase in temperature in descending into deep mines, and in the water of deep artesian wells—an increase which may be stated in round numbers at one degree of heat for every 100 feet of depth from the surface. These observations apply of course to a very inconsiderable depth, and we have no certainty that this rate continues for any great distance towards the centre of the earth. If, however, we regard it as indicating the actual law of increase of temperature, it would result that the whole crust of the earth is a mere shell covering a molten mass of rocky matter. Thus a very slight step of imagination would carry us back to a time when this slender crust had not yet formed, and the earth rolled through space an incandescent globe, with all its water and other vaporisable matters in a gaseous state. Astronomical calculation has, however, shown that the earth, in its relation to the other heavenly bodies, obeys the laws of a rigid ball, and not of a fluid globe. Hence it has been inferred that its actual crust must be very thick, perhaps not less than 2,500 miles, and that its fluid portion must therefore be of smaller dimensions than has been inferred from the observed increase of temperature. Further, it seems to have been rendered probable, from the density of rock matter in the solid and liquid states, that a molten globe would solidify at the centre as well as at the surface, and consequently that the earth must not only have a solid crust of great thickness, but also a solid nucleus, and that any liquid portions must be a sheet or detached masses intervening between these. On the other hand, it has recently been maintained that the calculations which are supposed to have established the great thickness of the crust, on the ground that the earth does not change its form in obedience to the attraction of the sun and moon, are based on a misconception, and that a molten globe with a thin crust would attain to such a state of equilibrium in this

respect as not to be distinguishable from a solid planet.* Further, the earth is now actually in its form a spheroid of rotation; that is, of such a shape as would result from the action of gravity and centrifugal force in the motion of a huge liquid drop rotating in the manner in which the earth rotates. Of course it may be said that the earth may have been made in that shape to fit it for its rotation; but science prefers to suppose that the form is the result of the forces acting on it. This consideration would of course corroborate the deductions from that just mentioned. Again, if we examine a map showing the distribution of volcanoes upon the earth, and trace these along the volcanic belt of Western America and Eastern Asia, and in the Pacific Islands, and in the isolated volcanic regions in other parts of the world; and if we add to these the multitude of volcanoes now extinct, we shall be convinced that the sources of internal heat, of which these are the vents, must be present almost everywhere under the earth's crust. Further, if we consider the elevations and depressions which large portions of the crust of the earth have undergone in geological time, and the actual crumpling and folding of the crust visible in great mountain chains, we arrive at a similar conclusion, and also become convinced that the crust is not too thick to admit of extensive fractures, flexures, and foldings. There are, however, it must be admitted, theories of volcanic action, strongly supported by the chemical nature of the materials ejected by modern volcanoes, which would refer all their phenomena to the softening under the continued influence of heat and water, of materials in the crust of the earth rather than under it. Still, the phenomena of volcanic action, and of elevation and subsidence, would, under any explanation, suppose intense heat, and therefore probably an original incandescent condition.

La Place long ago based a theory of the originally gaseous condition of the solar system on the relation of the planets to each other, and the sun more particularly, on their planes of revolution, the direction of their revolution, and that of their satellites. On these grounds he inferred that the solar system had been formed out of a nebulous mass by the mutual attraction of its parts. This view was further strengthened by the discovery of nebulae, which it might be supposed were undergoing the same processes by which the solar system was produced. This nebular theory, as it was called, was long very popular. It was subsequently supposed to be damaged by the fact that some of the nebulae which had been regarded as systems in progress of formation were found by improved telescopes to be really clusters of stars, and it was inferred that the others might be of like character. The spectroscope has, however, more recently shown that some nebulae are actually gaseous; and it has even been attempted to demonstrate that they are probably undergoing change fitting them to become systems. This has served to revive the nebular hypothesis, which has been further strengthened by the known fact that the sun is still an incandescent globe surrounded by an immense luminous envelope of vapours rising from its nucleus and condensing at its surface. On the other hand, while the sun may be supposed, from its great magnitude, to remain intensely heated, and

* Delaunay. Archdeacon Pratt, however, in a recent article in the "Philosophical Magazine," argues that Hopkins's original calculation is correct, and Delaunay's objection unfounded.

while it will not be appreciably less powerful for thousands of years, the moon seems to be a body which has had time to complete the whole history of geological change, and to become a dry, dead, and withered world, a type of what our earth would in process of time actually become.

Such considerations lead to the conclusion that the former watery condition of our planet was not its first state, and that we must trace it back to a previous reign of fire. The reasons which can be adduced in support of this are no doubt somewhat vague, and may in their details be variously interpreted; but at present we have no other interpretation to give of that chaos, formless and void, that state in which "nor aught nor nought existed," which the sacred writings and the traditions and poetry of ancient nations concur with modern science in indicating as the primitive state of the earth.

Let our first picture, then, be that of a vaporous mass, representing our now solid planet spread out over a space nearly two thousand times greater in diameter than that which it now occupies, and whirling in its annual round about the still vaporous centre of our system, in which at a still earlier period the earth had been but an exterior layer, or ring of vapour. The atoms that now constitute the most solid rocks are in this state as tenuous as air, kept apart by the expansive force of heat, which prevents not only their mechanical union, but also their chemical combination. But within the mass, slowly and silently, the force of gravitation is compressing the particles in his giant hand, and gathering the denser toward the centre, while heat is given forth on all sides from the incandescent mass into the voids of space without. Little by little the denser and less volatile matters collect in the centre as a fluid molten globe, the nucleus of the future planet; and in this nucleus the elements, obeying their chemical affinities hitherto latent, are arranging themselves in compounds which are to constitute the future rocks. At the same time, in the exterior of the vaporous envelope, matters cooled by radiation into the space without are combining with each other, and being precipitated in earthy rain or snow into the seething mass within, where they are either again vaporised and sent to the surface or absorbed in the increasing nucleus. As this process advances, a new brilliancy is given to the dull shining of the nebulous mass by the incandescence of these solid particles in the upper layers of its atmosphere, a condition which at this moment, on a greater scale, is that of the sun; in the case of the earth, so much smaller in volume, and farther from the centre of the system, it came on earlier, and has long since passed away. This was the glorious star-like condition of our globe: in a physical point of view, its most perfect and beautiful state, when, if there were astronomers with telescopes in the stars, they might have seen our now dull earth flash forth—a brilliant white star secondary to the sun.

But in process of time this passes away. All the more solid and less volatile substances are condensed and precipitated; and now the atmosphere, still vast in bulk and dark and misty in texture, contains only the water, chlorine, carbonic acid, sulphuric acid, and other more volatile substances; and as these gather in dense clouds at the outer surface, and pour in fierce corrosive rains upon the heated nucleus, combining with its materials, or flashing again into vapour, darkness dense and gross settles upon the

vaporous deep, and continues for long ages, until the atmosphere is finally cleared of its acid vapours and its superfluous waters. In the meantime, radiation, and the heat abstracted from the liquid nucleus by the showers of condensing material from the atmosphere, have so far cooled its surface that a crust of slag or cinder forms upon it. Broken again and again by the heavings of the ocean of fire, it at length sets permanently, and receives upon its bare and withered surface the ever-increasing aqueous and acid rain thrown down from the atmosphere, at first sending it all hissing and steaming back, but at length allowing it to remain a universal boiling ocean. Then began the reign of the waters, and the dominion of fire was confined to the abysses within the solid crust. Under the primeval ocean were formed the first stratified rocks, from the substances precipitated from its waters, which must have been loaded with solid matter. We must not imagine this primeval ocean like our own blue sea, clear and transparent, but filled with earthy and saline matters, thick and turbid, until these were permitted to settle to the bottom and form the first sediments. The several changes above referred to are represented in diagrammatic form in figs. 1 to 4.

In the meantime all is not at rest in the interior of the new-formed earth. Under the crust vast oceans of molten rock may still remain, but a solid interior nucleus is being crystallised in the centre, and the whole interior globe is gradually shrinking. At length this process advances so far that the exterior crust, like a sheet of ice from below which the water has subsided, is left unsupported; and with terrible earthquake throes it sinks downward, wrinkling up into huge folds, between which are vast sunken areas into which the waters subside, while from the intervening ridges the earth's pent-up fires belch forth ashes and molten rocks. (Fig 5.) So arose the first dry land:—

"The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky,
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk its hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters."

The cloud was its garment, and it was swathed in thick darkness; and it presented but a rugged mass of rocky precipices; yet well might the "morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout with joy," when its foundations were settled and its corner stone laid, for then were inaugurated the changes which were to lead to the introduction of life on the earth, and to all the future development of the continents.

Physical geographers have taught us that the great continents, whether we regard their coasts or their mountain chains, are built up on lines which run north-east and south-west, and north-west and south-east; and it is also observed that these lines are great circles of the earth tangent to the polar circle. Further, we find, as a result of geological investigation, that these lines determined the deposition and the elevation of the oldest rocks known to us. Hence it is fair to infer that these were the original directions of the first lines of fracture and upheaval. Whether these lines were determined by the influence of the seasons on the cooling globe, or by the currents of its molten interior, or of the superficial ocean, they bespeak a most uniform and equable texture for the crust, and a definite law of

fracture and upheaval; and these causes have determined all the subsequent action of the ocean as a depositor of sediment, and of the internal heat as a cause of alteration and movement of rocks. Against these earliest belts of land the ocean first chafed and foamed. Along their margins marine denudation first commenced, and the oceanic currents first deposited banks of sediment; and along these first lines have the volcanic orifices of all periods been most plentiful, and elevatory movements most powerfully felt.

We must not suppose that the changes thus shortly sketched were rapid and convulsive. They must have required periods of enormous duration, all of which had elapsed before the beginning of geological time properly so called. From Sir William Thomson's calculations, it would appear that the time which elapsed from the first formation of a solid crust in the earth to the modern period may have been from seventy to one hundred millions of years, and the whole time from the vaporous condition of the solar system to the present must of course have been still greater than this enormous period. Such a lapse of time is truly almost inconceivable, but it is only a few days to Him with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. How many and strange pictures does this series of processes call up. First, the uniform vaporous nebula. Then the formation of a liquid nucleus, and a brilliant photosphere without. Then the congealing of a solid crust under dark atmospheric vapours, and the raining down of acid and watery showers. Then the universal ocean, its waves rolling unobstructed around the globe, and its currents following without hindrance the leading of heat and of the earth's rotation. Then the rupture of the crust and the emergence of the nuclei of continents.

Some persons seem to think that by these long processes of creative work we exclude the Creator, and would reduce the universe into a mere fortuitous concurrence of atoms. To put it in more modern phrase, "given a quantity of detached fragments cast into space, then mutual gravitation and the collision of the fragments would give us the spangled heavens." But we have still to ask the old question, "Whence the atoms?" and we have to ask it with all the added weight of our modern chemistry, so marvellous in its revelations of the original differences of matter and their varied powers of combination. We have to ask, What is gravitation itself, unless a mode of action of Almighty power? We have to ask for the origin of thousands of correlations, binding together the past and future in that orderly chain of causes and effects which constitutes the plan of the creation. If it pleased God to create in the beginning an earth "formless and void," and to elaborate from this all that has since existed, who are we, to say that the plan was not the best? Nor would it detract from our view of the creative wisdom and power if we were to hold that in ages to come the sun may experience the same change that has befallen the earth, and may become "black as sackcloth of hair," preparatory, perhaps, to changes which may make him also the abode of life; or if the earth, cooling still further, should, like our satellite the moon, absorb all its waters and gases into its bosom, and become bare, dry, and parched, until there shall be "no more sea." How do we know but that then there shall be no more need of the sun, because a better light may be provided? Or that there may not be a new baptism of fire in store for the earth, whereby,

being melted with fervent heat, it may renew its youth in the fresh and heavenly loveliness of a new heaven and a new earth, free from all the evils and imperfections of the present? God is not slack in these things, as some men count slackness; but his ways are not like our ways. He has eternity wherein to do his work, and takes his own time for each of his operations. The Divine wisdom, personified by a sacred writer, may well in this exalt his own office:—

"Jehovah possessed me in the beginning of his way,

Before his work of old.

I was set up from everlasting,

From the beginning, or ever the earth was.

When there were no deeps, I was brought forth;

When there were no fountains abounding in water.

Before the mountains were settled,

Before the hills was I brought forth:

While as yet he had not made the earth,

Nor the plains, nor the higher part of the habitable world.

When he gave the sea his decree,

That her waters should not pass his limits;

When he determined the foundations of the earth."

France.

How long shall weary nations toil in blood—
How often roll the still returning stone
Up the sharp painful height—ere they will own
That on the base of individual good,
Of virtue, manners, and pure homes endued
With household graces,—that on this alone
Shall social freedom stand—where these are gone,
There is a nation doomed to servitude?
Oh, suffering, toiling France, thy toil is vain!
The irreversible decree stands sure,
Where men are selfish, covetous of gain,
Heady and fierce, unholy and impure,
Their toil is lost, and fruitless all their pain;
They cannot build a work which shall endure.

Written in 1834.]

R. C. TRENCH.

PIGEON POST.

BY J. K. LOED, F.Z.S.

To receive a letter by the balloon post causes no more wonder or astonishment now than does the ordinary rap, rap, of the daily letter-carrier. Balloons, however, although they traverse the air, belong not to the province of the naturalist. Nevertheless, they are often made the bearers of other letter-carriers, about which we have something to say.

From very early periods of history the domesticated pigeon has always been celebrated for its intense regard for home, as well as for the remarkable certainty with which it made its way back from long distances to the spot where it was bred or kept. A small volume might be compiled if all the stories were gathered together concerning the extraordinary sagacity displayed by some kinds of pigeons in performing the homeward journey. A great many of these stories are entirely untrue, and most of them very highly tinged with the marvellous.

The speed at which pigeons fly has also been greatly exaggerated. Supposing a straight course of two hundred miles had to be traversed, a locomotive engine could beat the best Antwerp pigeon yet bred. We will first of all briefly refer to the employment of the pigeon as a letter-carrier in former times.

Taurosthenes sent to his father at Ægina the news

of his victory at Olympia by aid of a pigeon, the sign of success being a piece of purple tied round the bird's leg. Then Varro tells us how in the Roman amphitheatre the lookers-on, when a combat was concluded, let pigeons fly from out their hands and laps, so that their friends residing at a distance might know the name of the gladiator who was victorious. Decius Brutus employed pigeons to communicate with the consuls; and we know the old story of the Crusaders, while besieging Jerusalem, being stimulated to fresh energy and bolder tactics by catching a pigeon bearing a message to the besieged, to the effect that the King of Persia was marching to their relief. Coming to more modern days, during the time of the first Napoleon, there was constant transmission of messages from Paris to the provinces in order to convey the earliest intelligence of the successful numbers drawn in the lotteries. There is a story told of a man who got himself into serious trouble at that period by his pigeon, which may be worth relating. This individual was a gambler and great speculator in lottery tickets. He possessed a wonderfully fast flying pigeon, by means of which he used to transmit messages to his confederates. Such terrible frauds were practised by means of these communications, that strict watch was kept. It so happened that the man with the fast flying pigeon let his Belgian confederate into the secrets of the lottery, so that he knew what numbers to buy up. A great fraud was somehow committed, and much money realised; but, unfortunately for the rogue, it was found out, and he was consigned to the galleys. So much for the employment of pigeons as bearers of messages in ancient and comparatively modern times. It will, perhaps, in the next place be best to explain what kind of pigeon is employed at present for postal purposes, conveyance of messages, pigeon races and matches.

Most persons in speaking of pigeons employed as bearers of messages, call them "Carrier" pigeons, and believe them to be of that peculiar breed of birds styled "Carriers" by pigeon fanciers. But such is not the case. A proper Carrier pigeon would be no more suited to convey messages at a great speed than a London dray-horse would be fitted to compete for the Derby. The pigeons mostly used are called by various names, such as "Homing birds," "Antwerps," "Sherles" "Les pigeons voyageurs."

Belgian birds are considered as good as, or perhaps better than any others, and these are known as Antwerps. Nothing can be more symmetrical or better adapted to secure great power of flight than a well-bred "Antwerp" bird. The feathers of the wings exhibit great firmness and breadth, while the flight feathers so overlap that great resistance is offered to the air in rapid motion. Immense care is taken by the breeders of these pigeons, in selecting the finest types, and next in rearing the young to be trained into "homing birds." It must not be supposed that any pigeon of mature growth, if taken a hundred miles away, would go straight to its home without previous training. The probability is that such bird would never return. All the pigeons employed as message bearers undergo a regular and careful system of training. Their owners take the young birds, short distances at first, from their homes, to let them return, the direction being constantly varied. Any one much about London may often see men or boys with pigeons either carried in

the hand or in paper bags or a basket, perhaps upon London Bridge, by St. Paul's, or other marked locality. The birds are thrown up in the air, when, circling round a few times, they make for their home. Now these birds are mostly birds being trained for "homing birds." A good Antwerp, so it is stated, when fully grown and in good condition, will, under favourable conditions of wind and weather, return from Bordeaux to Liège or Verviers, about five hundred miles, in about twelve hours. The journeys from Tours, 330 miles, and Poitiers, 380, by the same birds, occupy a little over eight hours.

There is an account given of a race or match with pigeons which took place in the year 1865. The starting point was Liverpool, the winning point Ghent; the distance to be traversed, traced in a straight line, was just 500 miles. Thirty birds were started at half-past five in the morning. Some of the birds reached Ghent that same evening, having accomplished the distance in something like twelve hours and twenty minutes, or at a rough average of forty miles an hour. Some of them arrived more than an hour after the first batch, and eight out of the thirty were lost altogether. It is hardly necessary to remark upon the flights of pigeons one sees circling round and round over the busy throng assembled upon Epsom Downs, so soon as the name of the Derby winner is made known. Each is a "homing bird," bearing the intelligence to London or elsewhere. Some idea may be formed as to the extent to which this system of pigeon training is carried on the Continent, when it is stated that there are over 150 pigeon clubs in Belgium, numbering 10,000 amateur pigeon fanciers.

It must, of course, be at once obvious that only material of the lightest character can be conveyed, however strong and able a bird may be. I have often seen "Carrier" pigeons figured in books, flying with all speed, and bearing under their wing an ordinary-sized letter. Now a pigeon could no more fly with a letter dangling under its wing, than a man could swim with a heavy weight round his neck. Any pigeon-flyer would just as soon think of fixing a message to the bird's beak as fastening it under the wing. The plan which used to be adopted was to write either words or cypher, or some very abbreviated form of communication, upon a strip of very thin vellum or other material, and then to wind this slip firmly but neatly round the tarsus, or scaled part of the pigeon's leg, fastening to finish with fine sewing silk. Now, however, the camera and microscope have altogether changed the system, and a good paragraph can be sent by pigeon easier than a few words could only a short time ago. It is a startling fact, and one of the most remarkable achievements of modern science, that so many as 3,500 despatches, each consisting of twenty words, all told 70,000 words, can be easily and readily carried by a single pigeon.

The system of microscopic photography has been brought to a marvellous pitch of excellence. I have myself seen the whole of the Lord's prayer compressed into a space but little over the eighth of an inch. The ten commandments similarly treated appear to the unassisted eye little other than a minute spot of dust; but only place them under the microscope, and the letters are as legible as though reading from the family Bible. By adopting this method of microscopic photographic printing or writing, the French have most cleverly managed to convey

messages quite equal to ordinary letters, of business at any rate, by means of trained pigeons. Nor is this all. By employing the system generally in use by the telegraphic companies, viz., that of working with stenographic marks, the writing may be condensed into even a much smaller space.

During the investment of Paris by the Germans, a very complete system of message-carrying by pigeons was established betwixt Tours and Paris. The trained birds were conveyed away from Paris in balloons, and sent back again the bearers of news from the outside world. I have already described the plan usually resorted to for attaching the message to the feathered postman. This has to a great extent given place to a better system. The microscopic message or letter is first of all carefully rolled up, and then neatly but securely fastened to the centre feather of the tail. This feather is wisely chosen because when the tail is spread during flight the middle feather remains stationary, as it does when the tail is closed during the period of rest. Besides affixing the letter to the tail feather, other feathers are stamped with the place of departure, number of the bird, or like matters of interest or importance.

On the 18th of November last year the Postmaster-General received instructions from the Director-General of the French Post Office that a special despatch, by means of "homing pigeons," of correspondence addressed to Paris, had been established at Tours, and that such despatch might also be made use of for the transmission of short letters or notes written in the United Kingdom and forwarded by post to Tours. The conditions regarding this novel postal system were that "every letter must be mailed without cover or seal, and must be duly registered; that no letter shall consist of more than twenty words, including the address and signature of the sender; the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed, and the abode of that person plainly described, shall be treated only as one word; that no numeral figures shall be used: for instance, as concerns the number of a house, 'one hundred and twenty,' instead of 120. All letters to be written in French clearly and intelligibly, and such letters to relate entirely to private affairs." The charge for these letters was fivepence for every word, prepaid, in addition to the regular postage of sixpence for a single registered letter sent to France.

The Germans then investing Paris, in order to hinder this ingenious mode of enabling the Parisians to hold communication with the outside world, employed numbers of trained hawks, which were flown at the post pigeons. The flight of the pigeon is much swifter than that of the hawk, and it also generally wings its way at a very considerable altitude, so that the hawks, it was thought, would do but insignificant damage to the feathered letter-carriers. However this may be, a correspondent writing from Paris early in November, stated that, although more than 170 pigeons had been carried away in balloons, only twenty-two had then returned, and not one during a period of more than a fortnight. He remarks that "the birds refuse to fly late in the afternoon, and at this time of the year also they are unwilling to travel, especially against the wind." But at a later date he reports that, notwithstanding the comparatively small number of the birds which had then returned, 226 private despatches had been received through them.

Varieties.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.—In forwarding the papers, of which the first appears in this number, Principal Dawson explains his idea as being "to present vivid and definite pictures of each of the great geologic periods of the earth's history. He hopes by this attempt to deal pictorially with the subject, to render it intelligible to the uninitiated, and at the same time interesting to those who know something of geology." Principal Dawson, the author of "Acadian Geology," is in the foremost rank of science, and the Montreal people may count themselves fortunate in having such a man at the head of the McGill College. He is so well known from his researches into the oldest formations, especially the Laurentian or Eozoic, that his sketches on the ancient history of the earth will be read with deep interest. At the same time, his conclusions are given only under his own name, and need not be all received by those who believe that under other conditions of the earth the scale of time for accomplishing results may have been different.

RETURN OF THE VICTORS.—Our frontispiece is copied, by permission, from a photograph of the Berlin Photographic Company, Rathbone Place. The painter has expressed, in a touching manner, the undertone of sadness that accompanies the shouts of warlike triumph. The author of "Childe Harold" has touched the same chord in his stanzas on one who fell at Waterloo (Canto III 31—33). It was after Sadowa and the brief Austrian war that this striking picture appeared. If true then, how much more now, of the many thousands, of whom each will make a ghastly gap in his own kindred.

"Though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim."

AMERICAN SHIPS IN THE BOSPHORUS.—I was informed by telegraph of the arrival of the "Franklin" at the Dardanelles from Smyrna, where she remained eight days waiting a firman to pass up to Constantinople; the consent of the great Powers being necessary to permit a vessel of war, such as the "Franklin," to proceed beyond that point. This firman, after much discussion and deliberation, was granted. While at Constantinople I was handsomely entertained at dinner by the Russian and English Ambassadors.—*Admiral Farragut's Report of his Voyage in 1868.*—[This was one of the infractions of the Treaty of Paris to which Prince Gortschakoff referred as justifying the claims of Russia to reoccupy the Black Sea with war ships. By the treaty of Paris, signed after the Crimean war by Great Britain, France, Prussia, Russia, and Sardinia, the Black Sea was neutralised. Its waters and its ports, thrown open to the mercantile marine of every nation, were formally interdicted to vessels of war, with the exception of a small force specified by a separate convention between Russia and Turkey, each of which contracting parties reserved the right to maintain six steam vessels (of fifty metres in length at the time of flotation, of a tonnage of 800 tons at the maximum) and four light steam or sailing vessels, of a tonnage not exceeding 200 tons each.]

TOBACCO.—The quantity of unmanufactured tobacco imported into the United Kingdom last year amounted to 52,588,590lb. The analysis shows that 1,456,623lb. came from the Hanse Towns, 6,350,957lb. from Holland, 312,317lb. from Greece, 1,752,587lb. from Turkey Proper, 1,334,718lb. from the Philippine Islands, 594,339lb. from Japan, 242,976lb. from Cuba, 1,872,765lb. from New Granada, 37,046,032lb. from the United States, and 1,645,276lb. from other countries.

SAILORS' HOMES.—At the last meeting of the supporters of the Royal Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, Admiral Sir James Hope, G.C.B., bore warm testimony to the value of such institutions. He said that of all the agencies that had been set going for the benefit of the British seaman, there was not a single one which he looked upon as being more valuable than the Sailors' Home. He was exceedingly gratified to find that Sailors' Homes were prospering wherever they were established, and hoped they would continue to do so. He believed such institutions were the means of raising the tone of the service. The condition of the sailors was, at the present time, better than he had known it to be during the forty years he had been connected with them. He concluded by appealing to the meeting to render the institution all the assistance in their power. General Viscount Templemore K.C.B., as military commandant,

confirmed the statements of the naval commander-in-chief. The mayor of Portsmouth spoke in the same strain, with several gallant admirals, Gambier, Chads, Jones, and others of high name in the service. The report says that "the continual prosperity of the Home, now in its nineteenth anniversary, is not, as formerly, the result solely of appeals to a philanthropic public, so much as it is the deepening conviction of sailors themselves that in the Home they can be lodged and fed, not only as well as they could in a well-ordered and substantial club, but also receive such attention to their wants as they could find nowhere else except in their own homes." The tabulated returns kept by the Superintendent of the Home, Mr. Thorne, R.N., for 1868-9 and 1869-70, give the following satisfactory figures:—1868-9:—boarders, 2,999; casual beds, 12,862; casual meals, 7,895; seamen relieved, 233; distressed seamen lodged, 470. 1869-70:—boarders, 3,239; casual beds, 14,016; casual meals, 9,386; seamen relieved, 306; distressed seamen lodged, 421. The money placed by seamen in the hands of the Superintendent of the Home during the year 1869-70, either to remain in his charge, be placed in savings banks, or transmitted to relatives, has been as follows:—Money deposited, £22,100 6s. 10d.; in savings banks and superintendent's hands, £9,296 17s. 10d.; repaid and sent to relatives by post-office orders, bank, or Board of Trade, £12,814 9s. The Home now gives accommodation for 273 seamen, but the number of cabins is to be further increased by 185. After a time every Sailors' Home ought to be self-sustaining, but for the establishment of new homes in other smaller ports benevolent aid is needed. We hope, therefore, that many who are interested in the welfare of seamen will give generous support to these institutions.

WEIGHED IN A BALANCE.—The ancient Egyptians held the belief that the actions of the dead were solemnly weighed in a balance before Osiris, and that according to the preponderance of good or evil the future state was determined. Such judgment scenes are frequently represented in the paintings and papyri found in the ancient temples and tombs. In one of these sepulchral records, Thoth, the god of letters, arrives before Osiris seated on his throne, bearing in his hand a tablet on which the actions of the deceased are noted down. But behind him two other deities, Horus and Ankeris, are seen weighing the heart of the person judged against the ostrich feather, the symbol of truth and justice. A cynocephalus, the emblem of truth, is on the top of the balance. Similar symbolic representations are frequent in the ancient literature of all countries. Whether these are vestiges of Patriarchal religion, or the natural foreshadowings of future reckoning, the clear revelation of the Bible appeals to the conscience of all men. It was not when he spoke of judgment to come, but when he affirmed the resurrection of the Christ, that the Athenians mocked, when Paul addressed them on Mars' Hill. God now "commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

PRUSSIAN PROGRESS.—At the beginning of the last century, when Prussia became a kingdom, her population had only reached the figure of fifteen hundred thousand. When Frederic II took his inheritance, it was two millions and a half. It passed to his nephew with above five millions. At the epoch of 1815, it reached ten. Half a century of peace and intelligence, without territorial acquisitions, brought it in 1865 to nearly twenty millions. Thirty millions are now either directly subjects of the Prussian Crown, or represented and governed by it for every purpose of diplomatic weight and military power; besides eight millions more, inhabitants of the South German States, among whom the national sympathies have been shown to predominate over every municipal feeling. It has in truth passed beyond all doubt or dispute, that Germany will establish her virtual unity, and that Prussia will be its head. Down to the time of the French Revolution, no continental Power had played a part so considerable on the European stage in proportion to its population as Prussia. The terrible chastisement that she underwent at the hands of Napoleon, appeared to reduce her to a comparative insignificance. But she was destined to prosper by affliction. It was the direct effect of the measures imposed by the conqueror to drive her upon the use of such remedies as directly went to fit her for the gigantic efforts with which she now astonishes the world. She sought her strength in high intelligence, and in thoroughly effective organisation. She emancipated her peasants; she established her system of national education; and, bound by Napoleon to keep no more than 42,000 men under arms, she resorted to a system of short

service in the ranks with strong reserves, which enabled her to train so considerable a portion of her population, that so soon as in the great European crisis of 1813 her armies already numbered three hundred thousand men.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 270.

LORDS AND WITS.—It is deserving of note, how frequent was the intercourse and how familiar the friendship in those days between the leaders of political parties and the men in the front rank of intellectual eminence. Since Queen Anne there has not been found in England the same amount of intimacy between them, or anything like the same amount. If this were only to say that the men who were ministers, or who desired to be so, sought out or consorted with those persons who they thought could assist them in their objects as negotiators, as pamphleteers, or as party writers, the fact would scarce be worthy the remark. Even thus, however, it is not always that a secretary of state and a *chargé d'affaires* would, as Bolingbroke at St. James's and Matthew Prior at Paris, drop the "My Lord" and "Sir" in all letters not strictly official, and prefer to write to each other as "Harry to Matt" and "Matt to Harry." But the case went much further than this. Somers and Halifax especially on the one side, Bolingbroke and Oxford on the other, being themselves accomplished in literature, loved the society of men of letters for its own sake, and although there might not be the smallest object of any political advantage accruing from it. Nay, more, they would sometimes on personal grounds help forward or promote an adherent, or at least a well-wisher, of the opposite side. With men of genius, of whatever rank, they lived not on the footing of chiefs or patrons, but on equal terms as friends. All state or ostentation was avoided. Thus when Harley was created Earl of Oxford, he would not for some time allow Swift to call him by his new title; and whenever Swift did so, Oxford gave a jesting nickname in return. Thus also one day at Court, when Oxford, as Lord Treasurer, was in state attire and held the white staff in his hand, he walked up through the crowd of courtiers to Swift, and asked to be made known to Dr. Parnell, who was standing by. "I value myself" (says Swift) "upon making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the Ministry." Indeed, there was perhaps no man of his time more genial, more truly at home with men of genius, more thoroughly enjoying their converse and desirous of their friendship, than this the last of the Lord Treasurers of England. They were not ungrateful, and through their means it has happened that, while Harley is but little to be valued or honoured as a statesman, he shines in history with a lustre not his own. Certainly, if he showed favour to the Muses, the debt has been most amply repaid.—*Earl Stanhope's "Reign of Queen Anne."*

ARNDT'S LAST BIRTHDAY.—We saw him last in his ninetieth year, broken, indeed, from what he had been, as men must be who pass so far the allotted span of life, but still a marvel of vitality and faith and heartiness. And even then there was a day of triumph for him upon earth. His ninetieth birthday was the occasion of rejoicings and congratulations to him from every part of the great Fatherland. Deputations of every sort, bands of military music heading a great procession of soldiers, civilians, faculties, students, professors; rapturous acclamations, answered by a last burning speech from the soul-stirred veteran himself; multitudinous gifts from anonymous donors, and numberless telegrams in honour of the day; such were the sights and sounds that moved the aged Arndt to the deepest depth of his comprehensive heart. This was on the 26th of December, 1859. Before the end of the following month another vast procession, less jubilant but as impressive, followed the dead hero to his quiet grave, and over his rest crowds of sorrowing compatriots sang one of his own touching hymns.—*Edinburgh Review*.

BAAL WORSHIP.—The festival of Baal, or Balder, was celebrated on midsummer night in Scania, and far up into Norway, almost to the Loffoden Islands, until within the last fifty years. A wood fire was made upon a hill or mountain, and the people of the neighbourhood gathered together in order, like Baal's prophets of old, to dance round it, shouting and singing. This midsummer's-night fire has even retained in some parts the ancient name of "Baldersbal" or Baldersfire. Leopold von Buch long ago suggested that this custom could not have originated in a country where at midsummer the sun is never lost sight of, and where, consequently, the smoke only, not the fire, is visible. A similar custom also prevailed until lately in some parts of our islands. Baal has given the name to many Scandinavian localities, as, for instance, the Baltic, the Great and Little Belt, Belte turga, Baleshaugen, Balestranden.—*Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times."*